There and There.

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Here and There.

A Collection of Reprinted Pieces from the Religious Herald and Other Periodicals,

> вч **J. R. G.,**

Together with Unpublished Poems by the Same Author.



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MYMOTHER

THESE LINES

ARE

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J. R. GREENWAY.



my mothen.

y mother! What a host of memories dear

Those sacred words revive within my heart,

While in my day-dreams oftentimes I hear And see her, though we're half the world apart.

O noble heart, what owe I not to thee For all thy ceaseless love and tender care, Thy godly precepts, watchful constancy, And mention of me in thine every prayer!

Yes; if from life's temptations, toils and snares,

I struggle forth unhurt, the voice within Whispers, "Thy mother saved thee by her prayers

Which plead with God to keep thy soul from sin."

Rich be thy guerdon for thy well-spent life When God the Master speaks this judgment word

"Well done, thou good and faithful! Noble wife,

Devoted mother, rest now with thy Lord."

A LIGHT IN DANKHESS.

" Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

hen our path is dark and dreary,
Full of doubts and hurtful snares,
When our hearts are sad and weary,
Then comes Satan unawares.

Tempting us to sinful pleasures,
Deeds of wrong and passions wild,
Lest we should attain the treasures
Of a soul that's undefiled.

Do we flee the dread temptation Of our wordly nature's fire, Or fulfil the consummation Of the Devil's heart's desire?

Sad, indeed! Too oft we linger On the brink of sin's abyss, Heeding not the warning finger Of the Son of Righteousness Pointing us the way to heaven,
Long and steep and hard to find;
"There eternal life is given,
Tarry not, nor look behind!"

Through the gloomy night of sorrow, Stumbling oft and falling down, Toil we, hoping on the morrow To receive the glorious crown.

We should never feel dejected
By our failures in the fight;
God has never yet rejected
Those who struggle for the right.

Though we often sin and wander,
And are lost upon the way,
Still, the Shepherd grows but fonder
Of His sheep that go astray.

Never will His goodness leave us, If we ask Him to forgive; Let not doubts or fears deceive us, "He that doth believe shall live."

"I will in nowise cast out;"
And He whispers when He sees us
Holding back through fear or doubt,

"Though your sins have been as scarlet, Yet shall they be white as snow; I can save the basest varlet From the hell's eternal woe;

"Show me but the true repentance Of a broken, contrite heart; Offer it for my acceptance, And I will fulfil my part.

"In my loving arms I'll take you, Shelter you upon my breast; Child, I never will forsake you, Come, then, come to me and rest."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none."

then we see the cankering sorrow

That pervades this suffering, heedless world,

Do we think that on the morrow We, perhaps, may in its depths be hurled?

Pause: consider: can we lessen Somewhat of the woe we daily see? Can our kindness help to freshen Faded lives, deep sunk in misery? Oh, how many deeds of kindness
Each of us can in his own way do!
Let us not, in selfish blindness,
Fail to share our joys with others too.

Sympathy with those in trouble Costs but little; kindness lives alway; Say each night, and joy will double, "I have done a kindly act to-day."

"pnay sod herp me."

ear children, are you weary
Of striving for the good,
Of fighting 'gainst your nature
And Satan's tempting brood?

And do your hearts oft fail you, And let your strength give way, So that you halt and stumble, And Satan gains the day?

God knows your sore temptation, He knows how hard you try, He sees your every struggle And hears your prayerful cry.

But let me tell the reason
Your strength is not so great;

The prayerful cry that God hears Is uttered just too late!

Don't wait till you have fallen
Before you make your prayer,
But when you feel temptation,
Then pray. God 's always there.

And He will surely hear you
And guide you with His hand,
And when He sees you falling
He'll help you firm to stand.

Four little words will save you In many a trial sore, Just these ones "PRAY GOD HELP ME," Not after, but before.

THE SINNER.

"Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest."

is heart had been filled with the pleasurse of sin,

No action or thought was too vile

For a soul that was chaos and darkness within,

And infested with falseness and guile.

The precepts of God were forgotten and gone, No thought of the Saviour was there,

For Satan had entered and made it his home, And had tangled the wheat with the tare.

He remembered not how he had stood in his youth

At the side of his fond mother's chair And heard from her lips the sweet message of Truth,

And lisped at her knee his first prayer.

But one night as he lay in the sickness of death,

He thought of his childhood's fair days, Of his mother whose voice as she drew her last breath

Was lifted to Heaven in praise-

"O my son, when your heart is in trouble," she spoke,

"Just turn to your Father above,

Tell Him all your sins, and His pardon invoke,

And He'll blot out the past with His love."

At that moment he heard the Christ's message of good,

"Come thou that art weary, oppress'd,

Repent of thy sins and be washed in My blood,

And lay thy tired head on My breast."

He feared: for he knew that his life had been spent

In wickedness wilful and vain,

That his hour was at hand and he soon must repent,

Or be lost in eternity's shame.

But the Saviour had called, and he answered His voice,

"Before Heaven and Thee have I sinned; O, Blessed Lord save me and bid me rejoice In the glory that ne'er shall be dimmed."

* * * * * * *

His sickness was healed; and he lives to proclaim

The kind loving mercy of God,

And to thank Him each night, as he kneels to His name,

That He "took him from under the rod."

Now why are we sinners so prone to forget
The commands that our Saviour has made,
Until with misfortune our path is beset
And we call Him at once to our aid?

Let us always be faithful and true to that Lord

Who doeth all things for the best,
And our death will be sweetened when He
speaks the word

"Well done! Enter into My rest!"

THE DEATH-BED.

"Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

s I passed by a lonely cabin
A child came running out—

"O please, sir, mother's a-dying, And there ain't any preacher about.

"Won't you come in and read her the Bible? She says she's afraid for to die, And she can't see to read for herself, sir, And there's no one but baby and I."

I thought to myself: "How unworthy Am I to lead sinners to God; How point them the way to salvation By a path that I seldom have trod?

But I entered the death-chamber praying For strength to my father above,

To help this poor death-fearing sinner Lay hold on His pardon and love.

I sat by the sufferer's bedside, And told her of Jesus the Lord, Of the death that He died to redeem her, Of the promise and hope of His word.

But her faith, though repentant, was feeble, She told me her sins were so great That she knew he could never forgive her; Her repentance, she feared, was too late.

Then I knelt by the bedside and offered A prayer for her grief-stricken heart, That God would in mercy relieve it, And faith in forgiveness impart.

I read her Christ's promise of pardon, That urged her no longer to wait, And His words to the crucified robber, That proved it was *never* "too late."

Never too late for forgiveness So long as the body has life; I sang to her "Almost persuaded," And that put an end to her strife.

She wept: then a heavenly brightness Came into her fast-failing eyes,

And she called on the name of her Saviour With praises and jubilant cries.

She summoned the two little children,
And told them her end was at hand,
That she soon would be with their dear father
Who had gone to the heavenly land.

Take a lesson from this, little children; No matter how small you may be You can always do something for Jesus, Who died to redeem you and me.

Had that child never come out to tell me Her mother was dying within, No hand would have stretched forth to save her,

And the soul would have perished in sin.

A PIEA FOR THE FACIEN.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."
hypocrites and slow of heart,
When shall we understand
The way to act a Christian's part
And take Christ's ways in hand?

Are we so good that when a man

Shall fall and lie in sin, We all must put upon him the ban We know is ours within?

Look at ourselves! Where is the soul That never did a wrong? We cannot find it in the whole Of earth's departed throng,

All men are vile, and we are too,
Although we try to hide
Our own shortcomings from the few
Who swim against the tide.

And from the many thousands, too, Who go down with the stream We seek to hide our faults. Too true! It is no idle dream.

If he that is without a sin

Be first to cast the stone,
Who will have thrown the missile when
The Devil claims his own?

Why don't we do as Christ has done When fellow-sinners fall? Why not forgive them, like the One Who pardon gave to all?

We sin ourselves, and why not they

Who are but mortals weak? If we shall judge them, where, I pray, Shall we for mercy seek?

"Vengeance is *mine*," thus saith the Word, "And *I* alone repay;"
What right have we, a mortal herd,
To take His right away?

Nay, let us all conspire to aid Our fallen brothers rise, So all may share the mansions made For us above the skies.

A kindly word to one in need Of help from heaven above, Might get his burden'd conscience freed And blessed by Jesus' love.

For whom did Jesus bleed and die?
It was not for the good,
But sinners, such as you and I,
Who need His precious blood.

If we had righteousness what need Of Jesus crucified?
But sinful is our every deed,
For this the Saviour died.

Then let us be as brothers all,

(No matter bad or good):
To raise, not trample, those who fall,
This is true brotherhood.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST.

"Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ome to me all ye that travail,
All ye heavy laden come,
Turn your backs on those who cavil,
Share with me my Heavenly Home.

Though your faith be but as little
As a grain of mustard seed,
Yet shall not one jot or tittle
Fail your soul's most trivial need.

Let not doubt or groundless terror At the thought of bygone sin Or the heinousness of error Hinder you from entering in.

Am not I the friend of sinners, And the Help of those who fall? Turn ye, then, and be the winners Of the Life that's free to all.

I am come to bring salvation

To the souls of mortal men, Haste; accept my invitation So that ye may live again.

Sin is one continual trouble
Which will all your life infest;
I can give you pleasures double—
Blessed peace, eternal rest.

Your most trusted friends will falter, When misfortune's blow you feel, Trifles will their friendship alter, Though you thought them true as steel.

But the Friend of all will never Fail you when life's troubles come: I will stand by you forever, Here and in My Father's Home.

A chump of comfont.

But dry your eyes; for tears do those no good

Whose souls have gone in grace To see God face to face;

Ye cannot lure them back, e'en though ye would;

They are forever fled.

Their lot is happier now

Than when through life, in sunshine and in shower,

In darkness and in light,

They fought the soul's hard fight

To win the crown, through Christ's redeeming power,

Who died on Calvary's brow.

Their toils forever past,

They live in glory, singing 'round the Throne

Of Father and of Son

And Spirit, Three in One,

Praising the God who gives them for their own

The golden crown at last.

THE DRUNKARD.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I.

t the gin-shop door

A bloated and slouching figure leans,

With the drunkard's glassy and blood-shot eyes,

As he harks to the coarse and ribald cries That come from the room with the painted screens

And the sanded floor.

П.

"What a fool!" they shout,

With many a curse and brutal word,

"He wants to go home to his wife, he says,

"And tell her he'll turn from his evil ways,
"The same old lie she so often has heard

"From her drunken lout!"

III.

Can a tiny spark

Of his smouldering conscience have come to life,

And caused him to think of the scalding tears.

The hopeless despair, and unending fears, Of his starving but patient and faithful wife, And her misery dark?

IV.

On a pallet-bed,

In a squalid and cheerless room, that night Lay his wife; but hereyes had now grown dim.

And the rattle of death and the stiffening limb

All told she could never more see the light, She must soon be dead.

v.

A foot on the stair:

No piteous sob will he hear to-night,

Nor word to remind of the joyful day

When he promised "to love and to cherish
alway:"

For the suffering soul has winged its flight To the "Home over there."

VI.

A splash in the wave,

And a gurgling noise as of one who drowned, 'Twas the drunkard, who, crazed at the wrong he wrought,

Like Judas, a solace in death had sought; And he sank in the tide with never a sound, Nor a call to save.

* * * * * * * *

Take a hint in time,

Ye boys who are growing to man's estate, Keep clear of the bar-room, that hell on earth.

Where sorrow and misery have their birth,

The mother of infamy, murder and hate, And of every crime.

a puayen ron sunday.

ur Father, help us through the coming week,

That we may be

In all things that we do, and think, and speak, Acceptable to Thee.

Give us Thy grace, that in our daily life Our hearts may reach

The Christ-like sweetness, free from hate and strife,

That Jesus used to teach.

Be Thou our Helper should the tempter come To lead astray,

Guide Thou our footsteps safely to Thy home Along the narrow way.

And when these eyes shall close and limbs grow cold

In Death's embrace,

Lord, shelter us within the Heavenly fold, Through Christ our Saviour's grace.

2. 21. 21. 3.

Like common felon, pierced and wounded sore.

His ears assailed with jests and cruel sneers, Taunted, reviled, as never man before Or since; yet to the storm of heartless jeers Naught answered He.

Wormwood and gall-

These were His portion through those awful hours;

Keen was the nail and sharp the ruthless thorn,

Bitter the anguish, fierce the tempter's powers,

Yet willed He that these tortures should be borne

Once and for all.

His mission done

He soared above where sorrows are not known,

Back to the arms of Him who loved Him most,

And took again His place amid the Throne Where dwell the Father, Son and Holy Ghost As Three in One. → MISCELLANEOUS. ←

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE HEZEKIAH TAYLOR, OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VA.

JAN. 21, 1892.

oll on, toll on, thou grandly solemn bell, Sound to these bleeding hearts the funeral knell,

Then let thy throbbing moan sink to a sigh For one more soul sped to its home on high.

This day they lay the last remains to rest, Of one who leaves behind a memory blest, A father, noble, tender, loving, kind, A man of taintless honor, spotless mind.

A courtly Christian gentleman was he, Staunch friend in sunshine and adversity, His kindly words and genial, honest smile Bespoke a man in whom there was no guile.

True to his conscience in his public life, Though his impartial justice brought him strife,

He clung to duty, seeking rather then His God's approval than the praise of men. The "narrow way" was dark, and soon the light

Shone on his work: men saw that he was right:

Virtue triumphant gave as his reward

The peace of mind that deeds well done afford

Farewell, farewell old friend!

* * * * * * *

True was thy heart when all seemed dark and drear,

True shall my heart be to thy memory dear, And, when this life shall end,

God grant that I may clasp thy hand once more,

In deathless friendship on the golden shore.

past, present and future.

PAST.

illed with countless memories dear, Which increase from year to year, Our lives are swallowed by the greedy past:

And looking back we think each mile upon the road of life

Sped quicker than the last.

PRESENT.

For the present that we live,
Scarce a serious thought we give,
We only think of past and future days:
We take things as they come, and, when the
sun shines, make our hay
Beneath his generous rays.

FUTURE.

Like a murky thunder cloud,
The lightning's darksome shroud—
Looms the future on th'horizon of our life:
We seek to pierce its gloom, but that can
never be, until
We end this earthly strife.

netnospect.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

In my declining years, the sound of her dear voice;

The voice full sweet with witching coquetry, The voice of one I ne'er again can see,

My first and only love, the darling of my choice.

Alas! the ruthless Fate did cut in twain The thread so sweet to me, the thread of love's fair dream;

The dream that greedy Death hath render'd vain,

The dream that e'en now fills my cup with pain,

And chills the joys that should my blighted life redeem.

The reaper stole her taintless soul away

Ere we to God and man could swear the
sacred oath;

The oath we pledged while Cupid held his sway,

The oath of love that turns life's night to day; In Heaven, since here we cannot, we'll well redeem our troth.

THE REPER.

was darkening, and from out a gaping tomb,

Came forth a lonely figure scantly clad, Which halted in its gait, and rent the air With moans of anguish like a soul gone mad. Its head was covered with its meagre robe, But on the hand which held the robe in place I saw the awful scales, the ashen skin, The nail-less fingers,—never failing trace

Of leprosy—the flesh-less joints exposed, And running with foul matter: sad indeed! But sadder still, when hearing my approach, The figure stopped and bade me take swift heed:

"Unclean! Unclean! Beware!" it shrilly cried, Uncovering its head as saith the law; And sure that face was warning full enough To keep from going near, what need of more? Its cheeks were sunken, festered, scarred and seamed,

With living sores, and old ones dried and dead; Lips cracked and rotted, eyelids honey-combed With holes and crevices; and on the head The hair was ghastly white as were the brows, And loathsome ichor, oozing down each strand Did make it coarse and hard like silver wire, So that its touch was clammy to the hand. The lower limbs were swollen past all shape And gnarled most piteously with cankering sores,

So that to walk was hard, and fraught with pain,

And ichor dripped from their distended pores.

"What art thou, man or woman?" soon I cried,

Aghast at such a sight of human woe: For though the hair was long as woman's is, Methought the face and form did manhood show.

"Alas! it shrieked, in voice unnatural,

"I am a woman, scarce three summers past

"I was as fair as any village maid

"In you bright hamlet; would they were my last!

"I was betrothed to a noble youth

"Who loved me as himself, and more, he said:

"But on my wedding morn I found the mark

"Which branded me as outcast, worse than dead.

"I know not how it came to me, nor when.

"Twas but a little scurf within my palm,

"A trifle which I thought to brush away,

"But could not. Still I thought it was no harm

"Until I showed it to a friend of mine,

"A maiden come to 'tire me for my spouse,

"Who told him of it; and he came in haste

"And cried 'unclean!' and drave me from the house.

"Thus was it that the one that loved me best,

"And on his knees had begged me share his lot,

"Was first to spurn me, 'Thou art of the dead

"Go to thine own, unclean, I wed thee not."

"I staggered from the door, and in the street,

"Turned to the windows for a last farewell,

- "Where sat my mother ignorant of my doom;
- "'O mother sweet, I can no longer dwell
- "In this my childhood's home," with tears I cried,
- "'God's curse is on me. Bitterness and woe
- "'Must henceforth be my portion; seek me not:
- "'Dead to the law, unto the dead I go.'
 - "Scarce had I ceased, when many former friends
- "Who heard my lover's cruel spurning cry,
- "Did rush at me with stones, and drive me forth,
- "'Thou God-accurs'd begone, lest we too die!"
- "I had but reached the outskirts of the place,
- "When, turning round, I saw my mother dear
- "Making all haste to come to me, that she
- "Might share my doom. Filled with a sudden fear
- "Lest she should catch the loathsome leprosy,
- "I fled with all my speed for near a mile
- "Until I was alone and unpursued,
- "And then I rested in a cave a while,
- "Thinking 'What next, and where?" Then to this tomb
- "I came and made my home, feeding on roots
- "And herbs such as I found. Thus many a week
- "I ate and lived as did the mountain brutes.

- "At last one evening, crawling from my lair
- "In search of food, I saw the comely form
- "Of her who would have shared my hideous fate,
- "My mother with her handmaid-all forlorn
- "At loss of me, and seeking where I was,
- "If haply she might find me and relieve
- "Somewhat my misery. 'Surely now,' I thought,
- "'They cannot know me; none would e'er believe
- "That this foul mass of putrid rottenness
- "'Is she who, on that wedding morn so bright,
- "Was driven forth with jibes and hurtling stones
- "'Into a life-long gloom of dawnless night."
- "Therefore I took the covering from my head,
- "As is our wont, and cried 'Unclean! Unclean!"
- "Thinking, moreover, that my voice now changed
- "From mellow softness into harshness keen
- "Would not betray me. But alas! too well
- "My mother knew me. Can a mother's love
- "Fail to discover some familiar trait
- "By which to know her child? By Heaven

above

- "It cannot. Even then she knew her own,
- "And stretching forth her arms, 'My child, my child,
- "'Come to me, dear, or let me come to thee:
- "'Nay, run not from me now, for I am wild
- "'For loss of thee and mourning thy hard fate;
- "'Let me draw near and take thy fell disease
- "'That I may live with thee and share thy pain,
- "'For I am weary of such thoughts as these
- "'Which have been mine since thou wast driv'n away
- "'To misery and death. Ah, daughter dear,
- "'Far better were it to endure the life
- "'Whose only hope is death, death without fear
- "'So it be spent with thee, than live in health
- "'With company of friends, whilst thou, mine own,
 - "'Art wandering outcast o'er the mountain side,
 - "'Dwelling in caves and tombs, sad and alone!"
 - "Thus spake she tearfully, and ceased; but I,
 - "Fearing she would approach me and em-

brace

"My loathsome form, loathsome to me and her,

"If she but came thus close, did hide my face

"And wept—the teardrops stung my leprous cheeks

"And eyelids-while I thought me of a scheme

"To drive her from me lest she, leprous too,

"Should be swept down in death's most filthy stream.

"It was-to curse her, for I knew that then

"Her love would leave me, and her heart would grow

"To hate me, though I felt 'twould wound me sore

"To treat her thus. Still, it were better so.

"O God of Abram! How I vainly wished

"My limbs were fleet as when I fled away

"That wedding morn, but they were swoll'n as now.

"The sin was holy; pardon grant, I pray!

"I raised my head and, as she drew her

"To clasp me in her fond embrace of love,

"My voice burst forth in curses such as hell

"Could not invent nor Satan's self approve.

"My purpose was accomplished. Not a word

"She spake, save 'O my God! and has it come

- "'To this, that mine own daughter curseth me?"
- "Then to her hand-maid, 'Take me quickly home.'
- "I watched them out of sight, my mother dear
- "And hand-maid faithful; then in bitterest grief
- "Betook me to my tomb, if haply there
- "In death or madness I might find relief,
- "But neither came, although I prayed for both.
- "And still I live, unheeded by the Lord,
- "Loving Him, trusting—though He heareth not,
- "Hoping to share the promise of His Word.
- "At morning now and eventide each day
 "My mother's servant brings me drink and
 meat,
- "Setting it down afar and leaving it
- "To watch me take it into my retreat.
- "She brought me change of raiment once, but I
- "Forbade her, saying I had need of none;
- "I wished to hasten death, and if perchance
- "Scant raiment brought it, then 'twere better done
- "Than if I slew myself. Now thou hast heard

"My sad and bitter story. Get thee hence.

"Nay, keep thy money; that to such as I

"Availeth naught; Heaven bless thy good intents."

"UAE VICTIS."

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

was night: and all around me lay the bodies of the slain,

Dismembered limbs and headless trunks were scattered o'er the plain;

No sound I heard save now and then the croaking of the frogs,

The chanting of the whippoorwill, the bark of distant dogs.

The moon rode high, and shed her rays around me on the dead,

And at my feet methought I saw an ugly grinning head.

It grinned; but not in happiness, for on that field of woe

E'en Satan's self could hardly dare a smile of joy to show.

I gazed in terror, wondering why that face seemed strange to me

And yet familiar, with its grin of hellish deviltry.

I strove to turn and flee, but no; the swordthrust in my side

Had almost drained my life-blood, and, no matter how I tried,

I could not rise to turn my back upon that spectre dread,

The awful face that lived though slain—that ugly grinning head.

The blood was trickling from its neck as by its corse it lay,

And as it looked on me and gnashed its teeth,

I heard it say

"You know me! Yes, for it was you who, with your metal keen,

Did hew me off from this my trunk, but now at last, I ween,

My turn has come; for though my blade did pierce you as I fell

It slew you not. Now listen to the words I have to tell,

And then prepare you for your death. Ha! Satan could not deal

Such torments sharp, such cruel pain, as you anon shall feel.

"Ye Southron fools! And do ye hope to down our Union flags,

To tread our standards in the dust and flaunt your rebel rags?

- Ye rout us now and cut us down, but 'ere four years are past
- Your armies shall surrender and your cause shall breathe its last.
- We northmen then will govern you and hold you in our hand,
- And make you feel our tyranny throughout your wasted land.
- Your heroes will we persecute and bow them to the ground,
- And Yankees true in every public office shall be found.
 - "The savage who was once your slave shall be your master then,
- And slow degrees shall bring him to an equal place with men.
- But first ye'll feel his insolence, his arrogance and pride,
- His self-conceit and meanness, and his brutishness beside.
- For every daily newspaper shall tell a tale of woe,
- Of honored matrons shamed by him, of maidens' pride laid low.
- And so from age to age shall be your punishment prolonged,
- Till ye become the serfs of those who once to you belonged:

- For what is it but serfdom to be ruled by black buffoons
- Whose form is somewhat human, though they're mostly like baboons?
 - "Yet you, my friend, will hardly live to see the negro rule,
- For 'tis the time for my revenge on you, poor helpless fool!"
 - Thus taunted he, and ceased: and in the twinkling of an eye
- The head became a portion of the trunk that lay hard by,
- And up it rose and fell on me, all helpless in my pain,
- And tore my hair and eyes and throat with all its might and main.
- I screamed aloud in agony but moved nor hand nor foot,
- I had no strength to battle it, this murderous, vengeful brute.
- It raved and cursed and bit my flesh and spat it in my face,
- It seemed to wreak on me its hate of all my ill-starred race.

I mustered all my dying strength, and with a frightful scream

Awoke to find myself in bed, the grinning head a dream.

The sweat stood out in beads upon my forehead as I swore

That my supper should be free from lobster salad evermore.



postschipt.

The reader has doubtless asked himself already why a book of this nature was turned loose on the public without any preface. Well, the reason is this: Very few sane people commence reading a book by wading through the preface. Most of them read the book first and are in that way enabled to appreciate the preface, and so turn back to it. However, I do not wish to cast a slur on the few who prefer to begin at the preface, for I used to be that way myself until I began to be about ten years of age, and then I came to the conclusion that it was but lost labor to spend my time in reading a page or a pageand-a-half of matter that did not convey to my mind the slightest idea of anything at all. So I made the rather paradoxical resolution that should I ever become cranky enough to write a book myself I would put the preface at the end. Moreover, in this particular instance, a preface would be obviously out of place, as my object is to "hand round the hat," so to speak, and even a street-musician would hardly have the audacity to hand round the hat before torturing his audience with his tunes.

THE HAT.

The foregoing collection of poems, consisting partly of reprints from the Religious Herald, of this city, as set forth in the title-page. is published for the benefit of the Union Church at Milton, Albemarle County, Va., a church which has been doing a good work with its Sunday-school and services, but which is sadly in need of repairs and has to struggle against tremendous odds from lack of funds. In view of these facts I have no hesitation in asking the reader to get his or ' her friends to buy copies of this little book, for by doing so they will not be helping me but helping the cause of One who has done much to help them. Do not let any question of denomination stand in the way. Baptists,

Methodists and Episcopalians worship under that same roof (which, by-the-way, leaks in several places and no one has as yet offered to repair it gratis), so we can all contribute and feel that we are giving "the cup of cold water" to the "little ones" of our several denominations. The price of the book is moderate, and offers an opportunity of doing a good action at a trifling cost. "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

J. R. G.

Richmond, Va., May, 1892.

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